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OR,
 The Wrecker's Fate.

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4 Richelieu	84 The Catapaw	164 Cinderella	324 Will-o'-the-Wisp
5 The Wife	85 The Passing Cloud	165 Phantom	325 Michael's Wife
6 The Money-moon	86 Drunkard	166 Franklin	326 The Widow
7 The School for Scandal	87 Rob Roy	167 The Gunmaker of	327 Will-o'-the-Wisp
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11 Richard III	91 Two Friends	171 Golden Eagle	331 Surgeon of Paris
12 Love's Sacrifice	92 Jane Shore	172 Blonzi	332 Patricia's Daughter
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17 The Poor Gentleman	97 Soldier's Daughter	177 Actress of Padua	337 Dumb Girl of Genoa
18 Hamlet	98 Douglas	178 Floating Beacon	338 Wreck Ashore
19 Charles II	99 Marco Spada	179 Bride of Lamermoor	339 Clari
20 Venice Preserved	100 Nature's Nobleman	180 Cataract of the Ganges	340 Rural Felicity
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22 The Love Chase	102 Civilization	182 School of Reform	342 Madeline
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27 London Assurance	107 Ernestine [Dream]	187 Romance after Marriage	347 Steward
28 The Rent Day	108 Rag Picker of Paris	188 Brigand	348 Captain Kyd
29 Two Gentlemen of Verona	109 Flying Dutchman	189 Poor of New York	349 Nick of the Woods
30 The Jealous Wife	110 Hypocrite	190 Ambrose Gwinett	350 Marble Heart
31 The Rivals	111 Therese	191 Raymond and Agnes	351 Second Love
32 Perfection	112 La Tour de Nesle	192 Gambler's Fate	352 Dream at Sea
VOL. V.	VOL. XV.	VOL. XXV.	VOL. XXXV.
33 A New Way to Pay Old	113 Ireland As It Is	193 Father and Son	353 Branch of Promise
34 Look Before You Leap	114 Sea of Ice	194 Massanello	354 Review
35 King John	115 Seven Clerks	195 Sixteen String Jack	355 Lady of the Lake
36 Nervous Man	116 Game of Life	196 Youthful Queen	356 Still Water Runs Deep
37 Damon and Pythias	117 Fory Thieves	197 Skeleton Witness	357 The Scholar
38 Clandestine's Marriage	118 Bryan Borghime	198 Innkeeper of Abbeville	358 Helping Hand
39 William Tell	119 Romance and Reality	199 Miller and his Men	359 Faust and Marguerite
40 Dav after the Wedding	120 Ugolino	200 Aladdin	360 Last Man
VOL. VI.	VOL. XVI.	VOL. XXVI.	VOL. XXXVI.
41 Speed the Plough	121 The Tempest	201 Adrienne the Actress	361 Belle's Stratazem
42 Romeo and Juliet	122 The Pilot	202 Undine	362 Old and Young
43 Feudal Times	123 Carpenter of Rouen	203 Jessie Brown	363 Raffaella
44 Charles the Twelfth	124 King's Rival	204 Asmodeus	364 Ruth Oakley
45 The Bride	125 Little Treasure	205 Mornons	365 British Slave
46 The Follies of a Night	126 Domby and Son	206 Blanche of Brandywine	366 A Life's Ransom
47 Iron Chest [Fair Lady]	127 Parents and Guardians	207 Viola	367 Giraida
48 Palat Heart Naver Won	128 Jewess	208 Deseret Deserted	368 Time Tries All
VOL. VII.	VOL. XVII.	VOL. XXVII.	VOL. XXXVII.
49 Road to Ruin	129 Camille	209 Americans in Paris	369 Ella Rosenberg
50 Macbeth	130 Married Life	210 Victorine	370 Warlock of the Glen
51 Temper	131 Wenlock of Wenlock	211 Wizard of the Wave	371 Zelina
52 Evadne	132 Rose of Ettrickvale	212 Castle Spectre	372 Beatrice
53 Bertram	133 David Copperfield	213 Horse-shoe Robinson	373 Neighbor Jackwood
54 The Duesman	134 Alline, or the Rose of	214 Armand, Mrs Mowatt	374 Wonder
55 Much Ado About Nothing	135 Pauline [Killarney]	215 Fashion, Mrs Mowatt	375 Robert Emmet
56 The Critic	136 Jane Eyre	216 Glastonbury New York	376 Green Bushes
VOL. VIII.	VOL. XVIII.	VOL. XXVIII.	VOL. XXXVIII.
57 The Apostate	137 Night and Morning	217 Inconstant	377 Flowers of the Forest
58 Twelfth Night	138 Athol	218 Uncle Tom's Cabin	378 A Bachelor of Arts
59 Brutus	139 Three Guardsmen	219 Guide to the Stage	379 The Midnight Banquet
60 Simpson & Co	140 Tom Cringle	220 Veteran	380 Husband of an Hour
61 Merchant of Venice	141 Henriette, the Forsaken	221 Miller of New Jersey	381 Love's Labor Lost
62 Old Heads & Young Hearts	142 Eustache Baudin	222 Dark Hour before Dawn	382 Nalad Queen
63 Mountaineers [Irish]	143 Ernest Maltravers	223 Midsum' Night's Dream	383 Caprice
64 Three Weeks after Mar-	144 Bold Dragons	224 Art and Artifice	384 Cradle of Liberty
VOL. IX.	VOL. XIX.	VOL. XXIX.	VOL. XXXIX.
65 Love	145 Dred, or the Dismal	225 Poor Young Man	385 The Lost Ship
66 As You Like It	146 Last Days of Pompeii	226 Ossawatimie Brown	386 Country Squire
67 The Elder Brother	147 Emma's	227 Pope of Rome	387 Fraud and its Victims
68 Werner	148 Peter Wilkins	228 Oliver Twist	388 Putnam
69 Claiupus	149 Ben the Boatswain	229 Pauvette	389 King and Deserter
70 Town and Country	150 Jonathan Bradford	230 Man in the Iron Mask	390 La Flammina
71 King Lear	151 Retribution	231 Knight of Arva	391 A Hard Struggle
72 Nine Devils	152 Minerva	232 No! Pitcher	392 Gwilette Van der
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73 Henry VIII	153 French Spy	233 Black Eyed Susan	393 The Love Knot
74 Married and Single	154 Wept of Wish-ton Wish	234 Satan in Paris	394 Lavater, or Sat a
75 Henry IV	155 Evil Genius	235 Rosina Meadows	395 The Noble Heart
76 Paul Pry	156 Ben Bolt	236 West End, or Irish Heir	396 Coriolanus
77 Guy Rannering	157 Sailor of France	237 Six Degrees of Crime	397 The Water's Tale
78 Sweetheart's Wives	158 Red Mask	238 The Lady and the Devil	398 Evadne W
79 Serious Family	159 Life of an Actress	239 Avenger, or Moor of Sicily	399 Ivanhoe
80 She Sings to Gougner	160 Wedding Day	240 Marks and Faces	400 Jonathan in England

(Catalogue continued on third page of cover.)

THE

PIRATE'S LEGACY;

OR,

THE WRECKER'S FATE.

A Drama. -- In Two Acts.

BY THE LATE

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COMEDIAN,

Author of "Mysteries of Paris," "Rosina Meadows," "Gertrude Howard," "The
Paint King," "Jack Sheppard," "Bumpology," "Butchers of Ghent," "May
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SAMUEL FRENCH,

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	National Theatre, Boston, 1942. Original.	Boston Museum, 1846.	National, Boston, 1847.	National, Boston, 1954.
NAT BROWN,	Mr. W. G. Jones,	Mr. G. C. Germon,	Mr. W. G. Jones,	Mr. L. P. Roys.
GOVELL,	" Sutherland,	" W. Germon,	" S. Johnston,	" F. G. Crocker.
MIKE BRACE,	" Keach,	" G. E. Locke,	" J. G. Cartlitch,	" J. B. Studley.
BOB SHORT,	" O. H. Saunders,	" C. H. Saunders,	" J. H. King,	" J. Harker.
CARNEY,	" E. W. Jones,	" F. Whitman,	" R. Linden,	" C. Stewart.
PAT MADIGAN,	" N. Johnson,	" B. G. Rogers,	" E. Eddy,	" C. W. Hield.
MILLBANK,		" G. Wall,	" Parsons,	" B. Duffy.
KATE BATES,	Miss E. Mestayer,	Miss Sarah Kirby,	Miss Louisa Gann	Miss Allen.
MARY MADIGAN,	Mrs. J. J. Reid,	Mrs. J. W. Thoman,	Mrs. Vincent,	Mrs. W. H. Smith.

Time in representation: One hour and a half.

COSTUMES.

NAT BROWN. Blue pea-jacket; check shirt; blue pilot trousers; tarpaulin hat.
GOVELL. Sailor's jacket; blue trousers, &c.
BRACE. Pea-jacket; Rio vest; blue trousers, &c.
SHORT. Canvas trousers; check shirt; red cap.
CARNEY. Brown coat; skin vest; cord breeches; blue stockings.
PAT MADIGAN. Gray coat; red vest; dark breeches, &c. &c.
MILLBANK. Old sailor's dress.
KATE BATES. Dark stuff peasant dress.
MARY MADIGAN. Chintz tuck-up; blue petticoat; check apron; mob cap, red stockings; and shoes.

M E M O I R .

THE substance of the following memoir of the late CHARLES H. SAUNDERS was published in the *Boston Post* at the time of his burial, thus recalling to public memory some of the events of his life. Widely known, and tenderly endeared to us, such a reference to his career may assist the melancholy memory of his acquaintances, and keep green the leaf of retrospective love. Now that his body is borne from among us, at rest forever from the cares and labors of a turbulent life, slumbering in the bosom of Nature amid the beautiful scenery of Mount Hope, let us revive our recollections. His cold lips, so long the interpreters of his frank and modest disposition, can speak no more. Let a friend speak for him, and in the simple recital give partial vent to the emotions of thousands who knew him as an actor and dramatic author, throughout the United States.

Charles Henry Saunders was born September 25th, 1818, in Hanover street, Boston, on the site of the present Universalist Church. His father was Capt. Elkanah Saunders, of Norwich, Conn. Capt. Saunders, for many years, commanded vessels owned by Curtis & Lincoln, of Boston, and died here July 1st, 1825, of consumption, aged 47. He had three sons and three daughters, and Charles was the fourth child. One brother and two sisters are still living.

Charles attended the Fort Hill school, under the late Mr. Emerson, — a brother of Ralph Waldo, — and that teacher predicted that he would make either "a very great rogue or a very talented man." When he was fourteen or fifteen he organized a boy's theater in a barn on Fort Hill, and there first indulged his passion for dramatic exhibitions. Soon after, he was apprenticed to a pump and block maker in Sea street, and while there he was made assistant librarian for the Mechanics' Apprentices Association.

His ardor for the stage increasing, on the 19th of February, 1836, at the early age of seventeen, he made his first appearance at the Warren Theater, under Pelby, at Mrs. Nelson's benefit, in the character of Carwin. His personal admirers were already numerous, and the house was crowded. Complete success attended his *début*, which elicited warm encomiums from the best judges; and among them was the beautiful and gifted Mrs. Anderson. Mr. Pelby immediately engaged him for five nights, and he appeared to crowded houses in Carwin, Young Norval, and Rolla, playing the last for his benefit. Thus he stepped at once from the humble bench of the pump and block maker to a high position as an actor.

He was now engaged as a regular member of Mr. Pelby's company, and remained with him three years, playing juvenile-tragic parts, chiefly, and establishing himself as a favorite with all. His refinement, his graceful walk and gestures, his naturalness in tone, look, action, his feeling,

without rant, and his judicious reading, caused him to be acknowledged as an artist, at that early period, even by stars. He was a favorite of Pelby's; and the late C. H. Eaton was his warm admirer.

At the close of three years he made an engagement with Ludlow & Smith, who had a circuit of theaters, and for two seasons played for them in New Orleans and St. Louis with distinguished success. On and off the stage he was equally a pet, — but never a spoiled one. His modesty and good sense confirmed his popularity. He had by this time enlarged his sphere of performances, and played Yorkshiremen, country boys, and low-comedy characters generally. In this last line he was most ambitious to excel, and generally did so. Among his best delineations may be mentioned the Player King in Hamlet, Jack Sheppard, Pedro in Cinderella, Young Norval, and Sulpice in the Child of the Regiment; though his versatility enabled him to win discriminating praise in a wide and varied field of personations. The New Orleans papers were highly complimentary to his powers, from first to last.

After an absence of two years, he sailed for home. As the vessel was nearing the wharf, "That's Charley Saunders!" was the exclamation of a little boy to his companion, recognizing the favorite actor; "he's been away two years, and now he's come home to play at the National again!" Tears started to the eyes of the returned Bostonian at the thought that he should be recognized by a child after his long absence. He at once rejoined the National company, and took his benefit on Friday evening, June 17th, 1842, playing Jack Sheppard to Mr. J. Proctor's Jonathan Wild; Herculean Pompey, in the Miser's Oath; and Clawed Fitz Henry Wilkins, in the Lady of Irons—a burlesque written for him in New Orleans.

He played at the National the following season, then producing the Destruction of Muckee, founded on a national incident; Miller's Rights and Mormon Prophets; Bumpology; Pirate's Legacy; Rosina Meadows; Gertrude Howard; Dancing Feather; Telula, or the Star of Hope, etc. From the National, at the close of the season, he went to the Providence Theater, under the management of Messrs. W. R. Blake and Spear; and thence he went to the Bowery, and remained a year with Hamblin, his fame increasing with every step. He now produced at that theater his greatest play—The Mysteries of Paris—which filled the Bowery with delighted audiences for eleven weeks.

In this year—August 25th, 1843—he "gave his hand, with his heart in it," to Miss Caroline M. Jackson, of Boston, an amiable and attractive young lady, whose faithful, self-sacrificing, unremitting love proved the crowning blessing of his life. But a few days before his death, as the writer of this tearful tribute to his memory clasped his fevered hand, and heard his dying recapitulation of his life, he said, in fervent tones, "I was then in the meridian of my success; and, somehow or other, ever since adversities have seemed to crowd upon me; but"—and a tremor of gratitude thrilled his frame as he continued—"God gave this guardian angel to me for my wife, as if to compensate me for all, and to be my constant comfort." Yes, friends of the dead, it was true. If ever there lived a woman preëminently worthy of the name of wife, that woman is Mrs. Saunders. Conscience is her reward, now.

In the Fall of 1844, Mr. Saunders engaged with Mr. Kimball, of the Boston Museum, and was with him two years, writing five plays meanwhile for him. Subsequently he went to the Howard, meeting with an immense reception on his opening night, as David, in The Rivals. Peal on peal shook and echoed through the house, and attested his popularity. He played at the Howard a season and a half, and then - 1847 — went

to Bangor for the summer season, with Mr. Proctor as manager. Returning, in the fall, to the Howard, he performed throughout the season, and then engaged with the provincial company of Mr. G. H. Wyatt, with whom he traveled for a long period, acting in all the towns, and writing a local play for nearly every place they visited. Mr. Wyatt probably has possession of the majority of his pieces, which amount to about fifty-six in all. The great tact of Mr. Saunders in dramatic authorship resulted in a rich pecuniary harvest to manager Wyatt, but was of very disproportionate benefit to the author. Mr. Saunders, unfortunately, possessed little business talent for himself.

In the fall of 1848 he performed first at the Federal Street Theater, under Thorne, and subsequently at the Howard, winning eulogy from Macready for his representation of Roderigo. In 1849 he engaged as stage manager with Mr. Furber, of the Manchester Museum, N. H., and remained with him for two years. In the spring of 1851 he joined the company of the National, then under the popular management of Barry, Wright, & Fenno, and stayed till January, 1852, when sufficient inducements caused him to withdraw to the Boston Museum, where he finished the season.

In the fall of 1853 he repaired to Worcester, where, at the Museum, under Gates, he played his last regular engagement, performing for three months. Since that period he has, at intervals, played in this city, New Bedford, and elsewhere, still employing his pen upon various dramatic and other subjects. His last performance in Boston was the part of Tom Tinkle, in the *Dream at Sea*, at the benefit of Mr. Putnam, at the Howard, in March, 1856. ♡

For the three years immediately preceding his death, the health of our lamented fellow-citizen had been declining. Consumption was hereditary in the family. His father died with consumption, but a few years older than himself at the time of his decease. His health was never of the robust order; but though his social tendencies impaired it, they were never such as to extinguish a proper self-respect; nor can they be justly said to have been the main cause of his demise.

The last day when he was abroad was the 17th of June. Returning from a partial view of the procession to Bunker Hill, he remarked to his wife, "I have come home to die!" From that time he was confined to his bed. The attendance of his skilful physician, Dr. J. S. Jones, and the kind nursing of his wife, were of no avail. He failed rapidly, though he retained his animation of spirit until within a few days of his death; then his mind began to wander, and he talked incoherently the greater part of the time. He was aware that a benefit was being prepared for him at the scene of the old triumphs, and his grateful heart said a volume in the single expression — "To think that they should turn out for me!" He was in no pain till the last day; and the pangs of inflammation of the bowels were even then modified, as he was almost continually in a state of aberration. The writer of this held his hand when he uttered, in faint tones, his last word of recognition. He then relapsed into unconsciousness, so lingered a few hours, and died at about half-past five on the afternoon of the 15th inst. The arms of his devoted wife encompassed him in that awful hour. His two children, a sister, and some immediate friends, were there, and the gentle and gifted spirit calmly ascended to the God who commissioned it.

The knowledge of his mortal illness produced a deep and universal sensation in Boston. All knew or had heard of him, and his gifts and his fascinating qualities, on the eve of extinguishment, were remembered with general regret; for the community felt that the labors of his mind

had met with but scanty reward. The sentiments of the public were truly spoken by the Boston press, the members of which, with manly unanimity, did all in their power to further the honorary benefit which had been set afoot before his decease. Alas! he did not live to witness it, as he had hoped; though he had the sad satisfaction of knowing that his widow and orphans would reap some good from it.

Mr. English, manager of the National, tendered the use of the house; Mr. Proctor, the tragedian, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, and other members of the profession, volunteered their services with a will; and Messrs. Thompson, Eaton, Thaxter, and McGlenen, performed the duties of a committee. They made an appeal to the firemen, and the response, as is usual on similar occasions, was not made in vain. The ample theater, despite the extremely sultry weather, was crowded in every part; and many tore up the tickets which they had purchased of the committee, buying new ones at the office, to make the proceeds greater.

It was a mournfully memorable night, the 20th of July, 1857, honorable to all who were present there — gratifying, in some respects — but O, how sad in the consideration that he who was the occasion of it, who had so often illustrated the drama on that very spot by his acting or his plays, who had so long been the personal friend or acquaintance of hundreds who were present there, whose name was identified with the history of the National, who had made "his first appearance" there, whose fine, expressive, and familiar face had so long been welcome to the throng, now lay with that face turned silently to God, in the dark and distant grave!

For me, my heart throbbed violently throughout the scene of that evening — the posthumous triumph of my dead but not forgotten friend. I had known him when I was a mere boy; and as my years matured I learned to love, as a companion and a friend, the man whom, as an actor, I had early admired. We were long together. He sympathized in my troubles, he was glad in my good fortune; he was always the same social, cheering, interesting, and disinterested friend; and though of this world's goods he was deprived, — his sun going down before the meridian of life, — the charms of his unaffected, unassuming intercourse endeared him more to me than the possession of untold wealth could have done, or a fame wider and more profitable, resulting, not from merit, but illegitimate means. He will long be remembered, and as long will his name be cherished; but would he had reaped his reward before he went, for his own sake and that of his family! Yet death is inexorable, and vain are our regrets. We follow, while we mourn.

Alive to all noble emotions, without envy, modest where vanity had been more natural, courteous and genial, frank and bland in aspect and in manners, a devoted husband and father, happiest at home, yet everywhere tributary to the enjoyment of others, this star is torn from the fond breast of faithful love, from the heart of friendship, and the galaxy of the stage; and I, who in writing this feeble tribute have but performed an old promise to him, can find no substitute to fill his place.

W. O. E.

THE PIRATE'S LEGACY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *The Interior of a Low Tap-Room. — Large table, L. C., around which several wreckers are collected. — Table covered with drinking-cans, bottles, &c. &c.*

SONG AND CHORUS. *Air* — “With a helmet on his brow.”

When the thunder loudest roars,
And the lightning flashes free,
When the drenching rain in a deluge pours,
And mad waves lash the sea:
O, then the wrecker hies,
With his grapnel and his coils,
To the beach where the shipwrecked sailor lies,
Where the surf in its fury boils.

When the minute-gun is heard
In the pauses of the storm,
When the noble ship, like a tired bird,
On the gale is swiftly borne:
Then the wreckers' luring light
Gleams merrily o'er the sea,
And the sunken rock, in its awful might,
Leaves the wreckers' power free.

Covell. Well, my lads, 'tis lucky that fate blessed some of us with musical pipes, that we may *sing* of these things—or, hang me, it's even the *memory* of a good prize would n't fade. 'Tis now some three weeks since old Boreas has piped all hands to quarters, and given us one of his best salutes. Well, he must *blow* soon, or *burst*—that's a settled point.

Carney. Ay, ay, *Covell*—you say right; the weather is an unruly beast, and cannot keep its temper long at a time. Depend upon it, you'll hear a growl ere long that will make your heart's timbers creak with joy.

Cov. Look ye—the grog's out, and where's our very respectable landlord to refill the can? By my faith, he was a lively fellow on a wreck, but makes a sorry publican.

Car. Ah, old *Brace* isn't as he was once. The boys talk of his moody musings, as dangerous to us and our craft. S'death! if I thought so, I'd send him to look after many a half-drowned chap that he assisted on his passage to the other world!

Cov. Tush ! fear him not. So long as he furnishes the grog, let him indulge in a little harmless thinking, if he chooses. For my part, when I was launched, in fitting me out they forgot to put on board any thinking-tackle ; so you perceive I'm obliged to steer my course as well as I can without it. But where the devil is old Brace ?—Hello !—Mike Brace—give us something to splice the main brace.

Enter BRACE.

Brace. Hush your rude throats ! Think ye, because you are night-birds, and ever wakeful, that there are no others who require repose. The elements will soon commence their music, and your hoarse revelry will find a response in the deep thunder, and, mayhap, the cry of the wrecked mariner.

Cov. Why, Brace, how the devil's this ? There was a time, not far gone, when your voice was the loudest amongst us ; you was the first with your coil and grapnel, and the last to say "good-night" after a jolly revel.

Brace. Well, times have altered since then. Think ye reflection never visits a wrecker's solitude ? Think ye the crimes of youth never suggest penitence to old age ?

Cov. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Come, lads, take off your hats, and listen to the homilies of *Parson Brace* ! Improve your opportunity while he is in the vein, for in another minute he may be cutting a throat, and then his precepts won't come with so good a grace.

Brace. Devil !

(Loud crash of thunder. Distant guns heard at intervals.)

Cov. Hark ! my lads, there's music to a wrecker's ear. It sounds like the death-knell of a richly-laden Indiaman. Come to the beach—light the fire on the cliff—'t will lure her to the reef, and if she strikes she's ours. To the beach, lads !—to the beach !

[All exit but BRACE.]

Brace (alone). Gone—all gone—save me ! Why should I remain ? Curse on my craven heart, that bids me stay, when all the rest, mayhap e'en now, are dragging to the shore the treasures of a wreck ! O, vice ! vice ! once steeped in thy poisonous waters, how difficult the task of cleansing from the mind thy ulcerous effects ! Rouse thee, Mike Brace !—to the wreck, and secure thy share of plunder. *(Is going.)* Ha ! what's this that stops my way ?—A mist gathers before my eyes, and behind its dim curtain I see the form of her I betrayed, beckoning me onward to the task !—I go. Mike Brace, let flattery whisper to your conscience what she may—you are a pirate and a murderer ! So, to the wreck : the corpse will not try to keep me from the treasure. The living man who dares oppose me has only 'scaped the perils of the ocean to meet Mike Brace's knife ! Yes—yes—the wreck !—the wreck !

[Exit]

(Storm music, continued till NAT lands.)

SCENE II. — *Sea-shore. — The waves in motion. — A fragment of spar is seen, to which is seen clinging the form of a man. — It is NAT BROWN. — He finally struggles to the front, and lands much exhausted.*

Nat. Avast there, old Davy Jones ! You had me booked for quarters down in your dominions, but I was one too many for you, old boy ! My old daddy and mammy provided me with these life-preservers (*showing his arms*), and this is not the only time they've been of service to me. Alas ! good ship and ill-fated crew, an hour since, ye were all as merry as a clear sky and a fair breeze could make you. Now, where are ye ? — Gone — gone — and *Nat Brown* is the only one of ye all who still keeps his name in the book of the living. Poor Bob and myself were the last to leave the wreck ; we struggled a long time together, but soon he was forced to strike his colors, and I left him far astern upon the wide waste of waters. Well, Nat, this is no time to indulge in melancholy ; you are cast upon a strange shore, and it behoves you to look out for a hammock and a bit of biscuit. (*Shouts without*). What's that I see ? — May I be keel-hauled, if there an't those infernal wreckers swarming around the hulk, like a crew of flies round a sugar-box ! Avast there ! I see it all — they raised a false beacon to lure us to this damned spot, and for the sake of a few dollars they've doomed to destruction a noble ship, and sent aloft as fine a set of fellows as ever cut salt junk. Ah ! you lubbers ! I only wish I had you in old Boston, Massachusetts, instead of this black hole ; — a coat of tar and a surtout of feathers, rubbed in with a mop full of copper tacks, would fix you in just the way you deserve. (*Shouts without.*) Hello ! there's the infernal crew of Captain Beelzebub bearing down this way. I'll just drop anchor behind yonder rock, and take an observation. Steady, Nat — steady !

(*Retires behind.*)

Enter COVELL, CARNEY, and several Wreckers, with their grapnels, &c.

Covell. Well, lads, our adventure has yielded us a pretty round sum, but it has well-nigh caused old Mike Brace to slip his cable. The old fool, it seems, did n't decide to make trial for a prize till the ship had well-nigh gone to pieces, and boarded her after all else had left. What he saw there I can't pretend to say ; but Jim Carney saw him leap from the vessel's side into the water. In his fall he struck the ledge, and if Jim had n't been by with his boat, old Mike would have lain his timbers alongside the ship forever. But look, lads, something is floating toward the beach — something of value, mayhap. What say ye ? — We have each a fair proportion of spoils ; let's share equally the contents of the box, whatever they may be.

(*Lovely music.*)

Wreckers. Agreed ! agreed !

(*All go up. — Music. — Ropes, with hooks attached, are thrown towards a large box which appears in the distance. — The hooks are supposed to catch on the box, and it is drawn on shore.*)

Wreck. (*hauling in the box*). Yeo — heave ho ! (*When it is drawn ashore.*)

Cov. There she is, my boys. Now to see whether it s worth our pains. Let's make another bargain: he who rightly guesses its contents shall be welcome to the whole. Are ye agreed?

Wreck. Ay! ay!

Car. Then pass the box to me. She was an American ship, and the box contains codfish.

Cov. Avast heaving! Just let me set down my reckoning. If it so be the box has a cargo of fish on board, I'll eat the lot.

Car. The devil you will! If the article contains fish, 'cording to agreement it belongs to me.

Cov. Ah, here comes Paddy Madigan—he'll solve the mystery, I warrant you.

Enter PAT.

Ah, Paddy, my boy, how's your health?

Pat. None the betther for ye, Mr. Covell. I was thinking was there some poor fellows cast ashore to-night what would like a drap of whiskey, to mix wid the salt water they might swaller; but I see you've been here before me, and no doubt have *provided* for any poor chap that was most gone.

Cov. Paddy, you are a good fellow in an an, and we'll allow you to make observations which we couldn't relish coming from another. Let that pass; here's the grand question to be decided—what are the contents of this box, just floated ashore from yonder wreck?

Pat. O, to the divil wid ye!—ye are trying to come some trick wid me.

Cov. No—guess the contents, and they're yours.

Pat. Are ye sure ye come by it fair?

Cov. Sure!

Pat. Faix, then, I'll make a trial, and I'll guess what I wish it was most;—it's *tobacky*—*tobacky*—the rael *nigger-head*.

(*Bob pops his head out of the box.*)

Bob. Dat's a fac, Paddy; I'm dam if you is n't!

Wreck. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Pat. O, murder and bedbugs! that's the last kind of *nigger-head* I ever saw boxed up.

Car. How the devil came you there?

Bob. Why, juss to preserve myself. You see I was pickled in de fuss place in salt water, den I pack myself away ready for exportation.

Cov. Where did you come from? and how came you in that box?

Bob. Well, I come from a little village call Bosting, way up to de head ob Massachusetts Bay. I was one ob de ossifers ob dat ship.

Cov. An officer! What, do the Yankees officer their ships with blacks?

Bob. To be sure, and furnish him wid an apartment all to himself. De greater part ob my 'fficial duties was done in de galley.

Cov. What, you was *cook*?—you don't mean to call him an officer.

Bob. Sartain; I hab a whole regiment of ducks, and goose, and sheep, and pigs, under my command; and ebery day I pass sentence

ob death on some on um. De udder gemman ob de ship call me doctor.

Pat. By the powers, you was bettther named by the ducks.

Cov. How 's that, Pat?

Pat. Quack ! quack ! quack !

Wreck. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Bob. Yah ! yah ! yah !

Cov. Well, my lads, we have lost the prize, and Pat has won; take good care of the nigger-head, Pat. (Going.)

Bob. Well, I is ob American manufacture.

Pat. Yes, and of a color warranted not to wash out.

Bob. Dat 's a fac ! If it was n't, I 'm dam if I should n't have been a white man an hour ago.

Cov. Ha ! ha ! Come, lads, to old Mike Brace's house.

[Exit WRECKERS.]

(PAT sits on a barrel; BOB on the box.)

Pat. I say, Blackee, how do you feel?

Bob (taking bottle from pocket). Fuss rate. (Drinks.)

Pat. Do you know where you are, boy?

Bob. To be sure — settin' on a box, drinking whiskey.

Pat. Have ye money about ye?

Bob. Not a bungtown copper. What de debble is you so 'quisitive for?

Pat. Bekase, if ye had, ye 'd better launch your queer boat there and put to sea again, or it 's small chance ye 'd have of tasting salt water again.

Bob. Why — why — look here — what you mean, eh?

Pat. Why, that ye 're among the biggest set of black-hearted scoundrels that ever lived. If they thought you had a ha'penny, they 'd dig to the bottom of your liver but they 'd have it.

Bob. Is you one of de fraternity?

Pat. Bad luck till ye, what the divil do you see in my face to take me for a scoundrel? By Jabers, I 'd give ye a black eye in a twinkling, only 't would be labor thrown away, for the mark would n't show.

Bob. Well, I gain an advantage dare. If you was bouncing among de rocks as I was, you 'd be brack and blue in specks all ober. Now, although I was smash about pretty well, it does n't spoil de uniformity of de complexion.

Pat. Well, all I have to say, my boy — take care of yourself. You 'll want to wait till morning, I suppose, to see if any others gain the coast. When you wish, call upon Pat Madigan, at the upper end of the town, and while there 's a drop of whiskey or a potaty you shall share it.

Bob. Who is you?

Pat. An Irishman ! — and who better knows than him the rights of hospitality? If any of your shipmates should be saved, bring 'em all up to the cabin. Mary, the childer, and myself, will lodge in the pigsty, but accommodation shall be given to the shipwrecked sailor Good-night. [Exit L.]

Bob. Sare, you is a gemman and a scholar. Well, ole Bob, dis is n't de fuss time you have been cotch in dis kind ob scrape. It 's

rather hard, though, dat all those noble fellows, Nat Brown and all, should have sunk to rise no more. Hullo ! I muss have swallowed a great deal ob salt water, for my eyes is chock full ob it. (*Wiping away a tear.*) Well, here's to dare memory — Nat Brown, as good a sailor and as fine a fellow as ever sung out —

Nat Brown (outside). Bob Short !

Bob (drops the bottle). Hullo !

Nat. Heave to !

Bob. I is brought up all stanning.

Enter NAT BROWN.

Nat. Ah, Bob, are you indeed saved ?

Bob. Massa Nat, is dat you or your apprigotion ?

Nat. Myself, Bob — pure flesh and blood.

Bob. Den juss please to gib me your hand.

Nat. Here 'tis ; tip us your bit of mahogany. It's an honest hand, if 'tis the color of a thunder-storm.

Bob. Well, Nat, I is really glad you is n't gone to Davy Jones's. Come, I hab an invitation to rusticate a little while, in a gemman's house, up in de town. He says dat you muss be careful of de folks here, and mind how you talk about money.

Nat. What, the inhuman lubbers ! would they think of stripping the shipwrecked mariner of what little the angry ocean had spared to him ?

Bob. Dey would, massa Nat.

Nat. And if they would, he who attempted it should likewise take my *father's legacy* — the only remembrance I possess of a wicked parent. O, father ! if ye are changed, and worthy to grasp a sailor's hand, I hope soon to sail in your craft on the broad ocean of life ; but, if still you cruise under the black flag of villany, beware ! — a mother's wrongs cry out for vengeance !

Bob. Come, Nat, let's go to de house ; I'm an invited guest, and I extend de invitation to my particular friend. Keep a sharp lookout to seaward, and if danger threatens Bob is dare, ready to fire a broadside ob knuckles at your command.

Nat. Well, heave ahead. I've scanned the shore for miles ; no one else will probably ever see land again. May the good Commander up aloft blot from his journal all their misdeeds, and give them free commissions to cruise in happier latitudes.

(*Slow music till BRACE is on, next scene.*)

[*Exit BOB and NAT.*]

SCENE III. — *Front Chamber.*

Enter MIKE BRACE, R. H.

Brace. So, the constant jeers of those hell-hounds assail me at every turn. While they are calculating the worth of their spoils, I wander, brooding over my disappointment. Why did I try to be honest, and shun at first the wreck ? Because I knew that *murder* would accompany resistance. When I heard the storm had left the wreckers no deed of blood to do, I went ; but 't was too late — the vessel had

been stripped. Still, in that lonely cabin, there she was, she whose image ever is before me—she, the pirate's early victim! She said she'd be avenged, and her spirit smiles upon my sufferings! S'death! let her smile on! I've sought repentance, and it came not; now let the sanguinary spirit of my nature have full sway. Part of that vessel's treasure shall yet be mine! [Exit.

SCENE IV. — *Tap-Room as before. — Bed on R. H., up stage. — COVELL, CARNEY, &c., discovered.*

Covell. A yarn?—To be sure I can tell you a yarn about him. It shan't be a yarn, neither, for 't is the truth. I knew him well when he commanded as fine a brigantine as ever carried a black flag at her peak. Once in "Uncle Sam's" dominions he married, or pretended to marry, one of America's fairest daughters. Fate blessed them with a son; but, a life of inactivity being ill-suited to one whose home was on the deep, he parted company with his convoy, and trod again his quarter-deck. Remorse or the devil drove him here. We're not exactly honest men, for that company would n't suit him, nor not exactly pirates; so you see he remains with us, because we're a sort of connecting link between the two.

Carney. Well, one thing is certain: unless he alters his mode of life, and is less given to his moodiness, as you call it, I shall contrive a plan to make him slip his cable. I always look with distrust upon a man who thinks too much.

Enter MILLBANK.

Cov. Well, lad, what of the ship?

Millbank. She has drifted off the ledge and sunk. Mike Bracc was there, and saw her go down. Ah, here he is.

Enter BRACE.

Cov. Well, old Brace, what cheer?—your hands are empty. Did old Neptune get the start of you, and take the wreck into his depths ere you had a chance to board her? Well, be more alive, another time, man.

Brace. Covell, do not speak to me. You've got your share, I'll warrant. I claim not your sympathy; all I ask is your silence—nay, I demand it!

Cov. Demand!—high words, Master Brace. How are you my superior, except in villany, that you should address me thus? I say, and say it fearlessly, that you are no longer heart and soul one of us, and you are looked upon with an eye of suspicion by all of us. The failure of a smuggling expedition, the other night, has been attributed to you; so I warn you to beware! The outlaw should be true to his fellows.

Brace. Comrades, the oath I took when first I came among you has never been violated. I'm ashamed of my weakness;—give me again your hand of fellowship, and I swear to atone for my seeming fault.

Cov. Enough!—once more your hand. Three cheers, comrades, for Mike Brace.

(*Wreckers give three cheers.*)

Cov. Now, my lads, 't's time to go to bunk ; good-night, my hearty. Come, lads—Brace, once more your hand. Good-night.

[*Exit, all but BRACE.*]

Brace. Go, ye heartless wretches ! I'm bound to you body and soul, and cannot escape you. With lynx-eyed watchfulness they dog my steps, and—my oath must be fulfilled. Accursed be the hour when from my Mary's side I fled, to embrace again a rover's life ! My boy, too—does he yet live, and knows he of his father's shame ? He does—he must !—If yet he lives—daily, hourly must he curse me ! Driven from the haunts of honest men, what course must I pursue ?—The villain's, or perish by the villain's knife !

Nat (outside). Ship ahoy !

Brace. Ah ! strange voices—hullo !

Nat. Just open your hatches, and afford us stowage, won't you ?

Brace. Come in—the door is unbarred.

Enter NAT, accompanied by BOB.

Nat (entering). Lord love ye, say I. I knew, by the sound of your pipes, that you could n't say no. Tip us your grappling-iron, my hearty ! Now, just open the locker, and give us something to say grace over, for I'm as sharp set as an alderman at a corporation dinner.

Bob. Ditto, ditto, wid de addition of two aldermen.

Brace. Whence came ye ?

Nat. Why, from the wreck of the good ship George, which your infernal—I beg pardon !—which a fire on the cliff decoyed among the rocks off the cove.

Brace. If ye think the fire was kindled designedly, those who caused the blaze have you in their power, and will ill brook harsh words.

Nat. Well, we won't argue that point now. Give me and Bob a hammock apiece, and I'll think of your kindness till—I get asleep.

Brace. Saved ye no hing from the wreck ?

Nat. Why, yes.

Bob. No.

Brace. How ?

Nat. Why, yes—we saved our lives.

Bob. Yes, we saved our bacon, dat's a fac.

Brace. You saved your lives, and is that all ?

Nat. You are mighty inquisitive, my good-looking friend. If so be you will give us a shelter, well and good ; say you won't, and we will try and make another port.

Brace. I'm an old man, and somewhat garrulous, perhaps curious withal ; I meant not offence. There's my bed ; you're welcome to all my house affords. I have another room where I can rest to-night ; your friend can find plenty of coats and duck to lay upon the floor.

Nat. Friend!—Well, he is my friend, whatever you may be pleased to think. He was launched upon the ocean of life by honest parents ; he is stoutly timbered, and carries in his hold a jewel which many a handsomer-looking craft does not possess—an honest heart.

Brace. Passion may disturb your sleep, young man. Good-night. I shall be stirring early in the morning.

[*Exit BRACE, L. H.*]

Nat. Well, you are an amiable old gentleman—I don't think. Come, Bob, my top-lights are getting heavy. Rig yourself a berth on the floor, then you won't hurt yourself if you tumble out of bed.

Bob. But, I say, massa Nat Brown, why does n't you go up to de Irishman's what gib me de invitation?

Nat. O, fear not, Bob; you know the old song, "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, to keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

Bob. Yes, but dat means when he is at sea, and nothing but de sky above de main truck. How de debbel you s'pose a cherrybum see through dis roof?

Nat. Ah, you're an honest fellow, Bob, but your ideas are sailing through a thick fog. But come, now, let's to bed.

Bob. Massa Nat, is you got anything to defend yoursef wid, s'posin you is attacked in de night?

Nat. To be sure, I have—an article that never leaves me, for through it I expect one day to find my father. 'Tis this curiously wrought pistol, with the letter "B" engraved upon it; 't was about my person when the ship struck. It's leathern case, you perceive, preserved it dry. So you see it's in sailing trim, and only waiting for orders.

Bob. Well, good-night, massa Nat. "May de sweet little cherrybum wot sits up aloft keep a sharp look-out for poor Bob."

(*Bob lays down near the bed.*)

Nat (*taking out pistol*). Lay you there, old friend, my mother's last gift, as her pure spirit glided into the good harbor up aloft. "Take it," said she; "'t is the only memorial ocean leaves you by which you may one day find out the author of your being. Your father," said she, "was a dark, bad man, a pirate. Soon after he deserted me, this pistol was found in your cradle; I have ever thought it presaged something, and now give it you as your pirate father's only legacy. Keep it ever near you, and, even should you never find him, it may, at least, preserve the life he gave you." Thus saying, her spirit gently glided off the stocks, to cruise, I trust, forever, under the eye of her great Commander. (*Kisses the pistol; puts it in his breast.*)

Enter MARY MADIGAN.

Mary. Hist! is there no one stirring? Pat and myself have been to the beach to look for the poor fellows, when we overheard the chaps telling of their entering Mike Brace's hut; and well I know, if such be the case, it's robbed he'll be, and perhaps murdered. Hist! Mike Brace!

Nat. Speak! who's there?

Mary. O, musha darling, keep quiet, for the love of heaven! It's your friend, I am; you're in danger here; you're in Mike Brace's hut. Him and his comrades have had a quarrel together; they say he's false to them, and that, to prove his innocence of crimes thought o' against him, he must take your life. Beware! I am the wife of the man who saved you; the woman shall not falsify the man's generosity. Again, I warn you your life's in danger!

Nat. O, don't fear for me. I love you; that is, as far as an hon-

est sailor should love an angel woman like yourself ; but still, Mrs Madigan, I must beg leave to decline your well-meant services.

Mary. I tell you your life hangs upon a thread, and a small one at that. Come, fly wid me to the hut of my husband, Pat Madigan ; 't is short of a mile off. In the morning you may start for a more hospitable part of Old England ; for sure, although you 've got into the devil's den on your first landing, there are spots that will remind ye of fairy land.

Nat. Bless your heart, my pretty pleader, I 've only to press my head to that pillow, and, in the turning of a minute-glass, I should be cruising at will in the land you speak of, where I 'm sure its inhabitants would wear the semblance of the pretty wife of the happy Pat Madigan.

Mary. I 'm in a sorry mood to listen to compliments, though they comes from the lips of a gallant sailor. Pat will be looking for me on the beach. If ye are resolved to stay, Heaven be wid you ; and remember — Mary Madigan came to you at dead of night to warn ye. May the angels guard ye ! Good-night.

[Exit cautiously, door F.]

Nat. O woman, lovely woman ! when cruising about over the shoals of adversity, what leader like a woman's affection to point out the north star of happiness ? Now, once more to bunk ; I 'm too used to the cry of all hands ahoy, not to rouse at the first suspicion of danger.

(Gets into bed.)

Enter BRACE, cautiously, R.

Nat. You old rat, what the devil are you nibbling around here for ?

Brace. I want the money about your person. You have some, though you denied it.

Nat. You lie, you swab ! though what particular right you have to it I can't say.

Brace. I can't parley longer. Your money I must have, or —

Nat. You can't have it, by no manner of means.

Brace. I would not harm your person.

Nat. No, I 'm damned if I intend to let you !

Brace. Come — your money !

Nat. Never, you swab !

Brace. Then death !

(NAT leaps from bed. — Combat. — BRACE gets pistol from NAT ; is about to fire.)

Brace. Ha ! where got you this pistol ?

Nat. 'T was given me by my mother.

Brace. And her name was —

Nat. Mary Brown.

Brace. O, God ! My son !

Nat. Father ! *(They embrace.)*

(COVELL enters to attack NAT and BRACE. — BRACE guards NAT with pistol. — BOB holds up the mattress to keep off shot.)

TABLEAU.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Interior of PAT MADIGAN'S Hut. — D. L. H., practical — Cradle on stage. — Table, chairs, &c. — MARY discovered looking from the window. — Slow music at rising of curtain.*

Mary Madigan. What a beautiful morning after the storm ! Nature seems, as if to atone for her misconduct last night, to have put on an unusually bright face. Troth, many a poor fellow who saw the sun go to bed last night never had the chance to see him take off his night-cap this morning. Well, a good, kind heart may feel for their sufferings, but 'tisn't tears that will ever bring them back again. Bright and early did Pat and the strange sailors go down toward the shore, for the purpose of seeing could they find anybody who might want assistance. 'Twas myself that persuaded them not to venture again where they was so ill-treated last night ; but says the sailor, " Mrs. Madigan, I'll rake the lubbers fore and aft ! " Ah, them sailors are very devils ; and was n't I married and tenderly attached to my own dear Pat, it's to a gallant sailor I would say, " Hullo, my hearty ! I'm throwing out signals of distress ; I want a convoy ; bear up alongside, make yourself fast to me wid the cable of matrimony, and take me in tow for life." That's what I would do, had I never seen Pat ; but bless his old heart, one bright morning in May, says he to me, " Mary, my darling, can you look at me wid your eye and not say 'yes' if I ax you will ye marry me?" " Could n't find in my heart," says I. So to the priest we went. He asked me, " Would I love, honor and obey?" " Wid all my heart," says I." So it's married we was, and here (*going up to the cradle*) is the consequence of the accident. Bless your two eyes ! (*Kissing the baby.*) Ah, it's smiling ye are in your sleep ; bless ye, my baby ! Sure, the angels are whispering to ye. (*Music for song.*)

Mary. (Song.) " The angels' whisper."

End of which, enter PAT, NAT BROWN, and BOB.

Pat. There, my darlins, now wait till a while ago, and Mary the darlin' will toss up a breakfast in a jiffy. (*MARY retires L. H. D.*)

Nat. Ay, ay, master Pat. I say, Bob, stand by to shake the reefs out of your appetite ; the gale of want and starvation has blown over, and master Pat seems determined to pilot us into the harbor of plenty.

Pat. To be sure I will, you devils ! I'll run you on to a shoal of potatoes, but I'll give you whiskey enough to float ye off.

(*BOB, who is up by the cradle, is about to sit down in it, when PAT exclaims.*)

Pat. Hullo ! — hurra ! — look out ! — stop ! — rise up !

Nat. Slip your cable, you lubber ! (*BOB starts away.*) Can't you find any port but " Baby Bay " to steer into ?

Bob. Dat's debbelish bad seamanship, dat's a fac. (*Thinking of baby*)

Pat. Yes, you divil, and you liked to have spoiled my workmanship.

Bob. What — dis? (*Lays hand on cradle.*)

Pat. No, *this*, ye spalpeen! O, ye second edition of Pat Madigan! (*To baby.*) Look at there — there's a fist that will become a shillaleh, one of these odd days.

Bob. Why, you don't mean to say dat de baby's fist will become a shillaleh?

Pat. That's not it exactly; but, for all that, if the boy does credit to his eddication, I'll back him for making it answer as a pretty good substitute. But look, here comes Mary, and with her the potaties and accompaniments.

Enter MARY, with eatables, whiskey, &c.

So now let's come the figure over them.

Bob. The figger! — what's dat?

Pat. What's that? — why, *ate*.

Mary. Come, gentlemen, the table is ready; the potatoes smoking hot; and I'm sure your appetites are none the worse for your morning's tramp.

Nat. Enough, Mrs. Mary, that they were cooked in your galley. So bring yourselves to anchor, my hearties, and commence stowing away.

(*All sit except BOB; as he is going to sit, the child cries in the cradle.*)

Nat. Hullo! I say, Bob, there's a ship in distress; just you bear up alongside of her. You see, it's a dead calm, and she lays motionless. Just raise a bit of a swell, and she can lay her course.

(*BOB sits down and rocks the cradle awkwardly.*)

Bob. Dam if I don't think she's out ob fresh provisions.

Nat. Well, Mrs. Mary, if you don't give her a new fit out, she'll have to bear up for "*Cowes*."

Pat. Take the spoon, my darlin', and rap on the top of the cradle, or give him a little bit of tobacky to nibble; he'll be quiet as quick with one as the other. (*PAT raps; crying ceases.*) There, he's quiet now.

Nat. To be sure; he'd been sleeping on one tack all night, and was just going about and missed stays. There, he's filled away all right now.

Pat. I say, Mister Nat, are you married?

Nat. No, master Pat, except to my ship. When I was a shaver I was first introduced to her. We got frequently into bad company together, and she always behaved herself with the strictest propriety, till last night, when the false beacon of the wreckers seduced her affections, and she left me without a thing to love.

Bob. Yes, an' you've left me widout a thing to eat!

Mary. Is it possible? Pat, how could ye so far forget yourself?

Pat. My Jabbers, I did not forget myself, — I forgot *him*. Never mind, if he's on short allowance of eating, give him a double pull at the whiskey; it's made of potaties, so you see he'll have 'em still, only in another shape.

(MARY hands BOB a plate with eatables; and a flask. — As she hands the plate to BOB, the child cries. — BOB drops the plate to rock the cradle, and it smashes on the floor. — BOB rocks furiously.)

Nat. Hullo, Bob, you're among the breakers!

Bob. I'm dam if I don't wish I could get away from dese rocks!
(Rocking furiously.)

Omnes Ha! ha! ha!

Mary. Well, poor fellow, I'll relieve ye of a duty which ye don't seem much used to.

(MARY sits by cradle; BOB on a chair near table; helps himself.)

Bob. Tank ye, Missus. Dat beats all my going to sea.

Pat. Mister Nat, I don't want to offend you, but was there not some talk of your finding a relation among the wreckers, last night?

Nat. Yes, Pat; we had a scuffle with them, but succeeded in escaping from the house.

Pat. Do you think he's in danger from the villains? Let's go to the nearest town, not two miles off, and get a strong force to put the spalpeens in limbo.

Nat. No, no! — avast there! He has been one of their number, and would suffer their punishment. I know not whether he slipped his cable in the night or not. We must manœuvre the pirates; and if they did n't make way with him last night, for defending me, we'll contrive to get him out of their clutches. (A scream outside.)

Pat. What's that?

Mary (jumping up). I know! — 't is Kate Bates, the magistrate's daughter, who often visits me; she's in danger! Come, follow me. Bob, look to my baby.

(All rush out. — BOB turns round, not knowing what to do.)

Bob. Look here! — where is you going? Well, now I is in a fix, dat's a fac. (Child cries.) Dar! I thought so. Hullo! hush your mouf! (Takes spoon, pounds furiously; breaks spoon all up.) I mus try the tobaccy. (Takes out long piece of nigger-head; appears to stick it in the child's mouth; the child cries louder; knocks with his head on top of cradle; goes to table, gets whiskey-flask, proceeds to cradle; about to give it to baby; stops and drinks himself; finally takes the baby up and sits on chair, trotting it on his knee awkwardly.) Well, I hab served in a good many capacities, but if ebber I was a baby's nuss before, I wish I may be dam. (Takes up teapot and pours tea into its mouth by the spout; finally starts up suddenly, holds the baby from him.) Hullo! — help! — all hands ahoy!

SCENE II. — Wood.

Enter KATE, running, pursued by COVELL.

Covell. Ah! why, you sail like a king's cutter. Heave to, won't you, my hearty? and let's have a word of parley.

Kate. If you are a gentleman, sir, a sailor, you will let me pass!

Cov. No, no, my dear — not without one salute. That's the fashion with friendly craft. Come!

Kate. Do not approach me, sir ! For months have I traversed this beach on my visits from my father's house to my humble friends. You are the first who has had the gallantry to insult me !

Enter NAT.

Cov. Nay, nay, I wish not to insult you ; but you are acting so contrary to the laws of humanity. The ocean bird, whose harsh scream is heard above the storm, still has his hour of love. Why should not we ? See you not how loving those two gulls are perched together upon yonder reef ? Come, again I say, give me one fond salute !
(*NAT comes down.*)

Nat. This an't exactly the hug you expected, is it ? How do you like fresh provision, eh ?

Cov. Ha ! — this be my answer ! (*Fires ; it snaps.*)

Nat. Bucket of water ! — don't fear for me, my girl. Egad, if I don't die till his pistol kills me, I shall live forever !

Cov. Who the devil are you ?

Nat. An American sailor, born where the God of Liberty rides upon every breeze, where the growling of discontent is seldom heard, and where I learned that, next to what my country claimed, my duty was to stand for the champion of the oppressed !

Cov. What sent ye here ?

Nat. The cry of a female in distress ! which sounded in my ear like the chirping of a land-bird after a three years' cruise. Now, my gal, you just stand back, and let me —

Cov. Ah, come on ! and let 's see how much real mettle lurks behind that bravado !
(*Fight. — Business. — He falls.*)

Enter PAT, MARY, and all. — PAT knocks COVELL down.

Cov. (rises). Young man, we shall meet again ! Beware ! — I am your enemy !
[*Exit COVELL.*]

Mary. Come, child, are you much hurt ?

Kate. No — 't is but fright.

Mary. Come, then, to the house, and there you shall thank the generous sailor who has so nobly protected you.
[*Exit all.*]

SCENE III. — *Cottage, as before.*

Pat. O, the infernal scamp ! the double-distilled devil ! to try and harm a hair of your head. Nat, you spalpeen, you got there first, and hit him a lug under the left ear and sunk him before I could get a crack at him ! Devil burn me, but my fingers itched, even after you settled him, to drum the rogue's march on his head wid this bit of black-thorn ! Will I go now and drap him again, when he comes to ?

Kate. No, no, Pat ! stay where you are, and receive my thanks for your timely interference. To this gallant stranger I am especially grateful.

Nat. No thanks are due to me, madam. You are a female, and was in distress ; I am a sailor, and have but fulfilled a sailor's duty.

Kate. His duty ?

Nat. Yes, madam, his duty, and one 't is a pleasure to him to per-

form, to protect the oppressed. In his rough career, he meets with many a hardship, and encounters many a frown ; but if ever he has the good fortune to risk his life in defence of innocence and virtue, one sweet smile, which is all the reward he claims, kindles a beacon fire in his heart which storms and tempests cannot quench. It keeps him in his course of duty ; the remembrance of it makes fair weather of the blackest storm, and has oft inspired a neglected boy, whom fortune's placed before the mast, by industry and perseverance to gain a station on the quarter-deck.

Pat. By the powers ! he pays away his cable finely.

Kate. For the service rendered me, you have my heartfelt thanks. (*Gives her hand ; NAT kisses it.*) You can hardly expect a smile from one who but now was in such danger.

(*Smiles slightly. — Goes up to MARY.*)

Pat (to NAT). Never mind, Nat ; wait till a while ago. O, ye devil ! you say you were married to your ship ; you haven't been a widow above four hours, and you're in love all over ! O, ye false, faithless, good-for-nothing scamp of a feller ! Ah, wait till a while ago.

Nat. Pshaw ! Bob, come, let's be off, now ; we've staid too long already.

Kate. I'm sorry I've trespassed on your time. (*Smiling.*)

Nat. 'Twas n't that I meant, madam. I — you — that is — Bob, uncover your truck in the presence of ladies ! — we are anxious to —

Pat. Well, you're making a fish chowder out of that speech, at any rate !

Nat. May I hope to see you again, if I return soon ?

Kate. Do you wish me to ?

Nat. Why — I — Bob, is it clear weather ? (*Aside.*) Damn it, I'm going to leeward fast. — I — yes, madam — I ask it as a favor.

Kate. Which is readily granted.

Nat. Say you so ? — Thank ye, madam. Bob, heave ahead !

[*Exit Bob.*]

(*NAT is suddenly following, when he stops short, returns, makes a bow to the ladies, and exits. — PAT, with a very serious face, imitates NAT, bursts out in a laugh, and exits. — The women laugh, and go up.*)

SCENE IV. — *The Sea-shore.*

Enter COVELL, CARNEY, and BRACE.

Covell. Ay, but you knew him, and connived at his escape.

Brace. Did I ?

Cov. You did ! and ere long a party of king's officers may be upon us ; the result of your treachery.

Brace. If I have been guilty of treachery, I am amenable to your laws. Which one among ye will attempt to execute their penalty upon me ?

Curney. Why were you so anxious for the boy's escape ?

Brace. Why is master Carney so anxious to know ?

Car. Because I have a stake upon the board, and have a right to know !

Brace. Learn it, then, from other lips than mine.

Cov. Why do you seek our destruction?

Brace. I do not!

Cov. What, then, has caused your altered manner?

Brace. A dormant spark of virtue.

Cov. A fine sentiment, coming from lips that oft have given the signal to "burn, sink and destroy;"—that have often responded to the half-drowned wretch's cry for mercy, with a curse!

Brace. Spare your breath, good master Covell! I know it all. The eye that then flashed fire is not yet dimmed; the arm that then was strong is not yet weak; the power which then was mine remains so still. Beware of me! I have faced death in a hundred fights; upon my vessel's deck, slippery with blood, have I disputed, inch by inch, the planks, pressed by the king's officers. My men were cut to pieces. As a last resort, with a blazing brand, I dashed down the hatchway; I sought the powder magazine; King George's men were at my heels;—with the torch suspended over an open cask, I demanded the release of my vessel, and its crew who yet survived, upon the penalty of blowing all to atoms! The trembling gentry of the quarter-deck acceded to my terms, and let the pirate schooner skim the waves once more! I will not denounce ye—ye cannot think it! But I will be released from the oath that binds me to you.

Cov. Never! Death to the traitor! (*Advances with a knife.*)

Brace (*draws pistol—Chord*). Stand off! Covell, we have long been intimate in vice, and I would not shed your blood.—But, beware!—Another attempt, and I won't answer for my forbearance.

Cov. (*putting up knife*). Ha! ha! Brace, I honor you for your sentiments. I merely wished to try if you would continue true to them. (*Aside.*) Fool that I am, to be without my pistols!—Come, Carney. Brace, if we should never meet again, let your dying reflection be that ye did not betray your friend. (*Aside.*) This night ye die!

[*Exit CARNEY and COVELL.*]

Brace. Where—where can he be? Can he, in horror at his father's crime, have sought the magistrates? Will he denounce me, and deliver me up to an offended justice? Must the gibbet be my lot, and repentance proclaimed from the scaffold? Ah! who have we here?

Enter BOB.

Speak! who are you? (*Presents pistol.*)

Bob. Nobody in the world, 'cept Bob!

Brace. What seek ye?

Bob. You.

Brace. Ha!—are the pursuers on my track already?

Bob. Yes—been running arter you dis half-hour! Massa Nat Brown swear he find you, if he go into de middle ob next week.

Brace. Speak ye of the young sailor cast ashore last night?

Bob. De berry samie.

Brace. Were you too saved?

Bob. Dat's a fac!

Brace. Where can I find the young man?

Bob. Why, you see, we started together, me, him, an de paddy

man ; I loos him somewhere, and spect he's up to de house, somewhere. So you go up dar to Paddy's, through the wood somewhere, an' you find him dar.

Brace. Are ye speaking truth?

Bob. Dat 's a fac.

Brace. There 's gold for you. (*Throwing purse.*)

Bob (looking at it). Dat 's a fac !

Brace. Follow me to the house of Madigan !

[*Exit*

Bob. Dat 's a fac !

[*Exit.*

Enter PAT and NAT BROWN.

Pat. O, come along !—blackey will be safe enough, if ye have lost him for a while. And I would n't have you venture any further towards the shore, for your life ; and, faith, that 's just what it would be worth ! O, there 's the females coming towards us. See, they 're afraid to remain alone, mayhap, and are coming for a little protection. Ah, ye sly divil, wid your whiskers and your blue jacket ! divil a bit of supper will that poor gal ate to-night for looking at them.

Nat. Avast, Pat !—you should n't pay away on that line now. I have something more serious to think of.

Pat. Have ye ? I know there 's something ye ought to think of, but the little divil, Cupid, comes and fires his arrows all fizzing through your brains, and causes a divil of a confloption of the mentil machinery. O, wait till a while ago !

Enter MARY and KATE.

Pat. Mary, my darlin, what took ye out ?

Mary. Merely a second, Pat, honey, while the baby is aslape.

Pat. Did you lave his nurse wid him ?

Mary. Ha ! ha ! No, Pat, sure he went out with you.

Pat. Poor fellow ! he'd need to go ; poor divil got *black* in the face over it. Maybe, he, the little fellow, will cry. O, I'll make him talk soon ! (*Looking at NAT.*) He 's a sweet little fellow, and he 'll soon find his tongue. (*Aside.*) What a couple of stuck pigs they look like ! Murder ! don't they look sentimental ?—Come, Mary, tuck yourself under my arm. Come you, too.

Nat. Ahem !

Pat. O, the poor fellow ! he 's got a bad cold. Kate, carry him this (*gives a handkerchief*), to put round his throat.

(*KATE passes over to hand it to NAT.*)

Pat. Now he 's cotch ! Come along, Mary, jewel. Hoorush !—look a' there now !

[*Exit PAT and MARY.*

(*KATE hands the handkerchief respectfully to NAT, and is about to follow, when*)

Nat. Miss Nancy ! (*KATE is still going.*) Miss Nancy !—Miss —

Kate. If you address me, I was not before aware that I was the mistress of that cognomen

Nat. Plump ashore, at the start ! I beg your pardon, Miss —

Kate. Granted sir.

Nat. The fact is, Miss—Polly —

Kate. Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !

Nat. Smack on the rocks ! To say the truth, Miss — Madam — your image and your words are true to their guns ; but hang me if your name did n't desert me, just as I was going into action !

Kate. And you desire to know it ?

Nat. I do, indeed !

Kate. Why so ?

Nat. I never saw a trim-built ship, which is a sailor's pride, without asking her name, and from whence she hailed.

Kate. And was it merely to gratify an idle curiosity that you asked ?

Nat. No — I would wish to see her often, to admire — to *love her* ! (*she starts*) — for a sailor loves his ship. May I know your name ?

Kate. Those with whom I am familiar call me Kate, though I was christened Katherine.

Nat. Still I am in doubt ; which name shall I teach my lips to speak ?

Kate (*going*). I must go — to Mary's house ; 't is getting late.

Nat. Stay ! — one word more. My home has been for years on the ocean ; my mother was of gentle blood, and upon her dying bed she blessed me ; since that hour I have been a sailor. Chance has thrown me upon this spot, where, with Heaven's blessing, I shall soon find a father. He has been a guilty man, but is so no more. O, tell then, may I hope that I am not wholly indifferent to you ?

Kate. Let us proceed towards the house. You'll yet spend some hours here, I presume. We shall find little to talk about, soon, if we are so lavish of words at the onset.

Nat. Say, then —

Kate. Tut, sir ! I command you to silence for five minutes.

Nat. If I —

Kate. Ah !

[*Exit NAT with KATE.*]

SCENE V. — PAT'S Hut, as before.

PAT discovered.

Pat. So, while Mary is washing and dressing the baby in the other room, it's a nice smoke I'll take, all to myself ; and, while I smoke, I'll ruminate. Nat, the sailor, is cast ashore upon this devil's coast ; by some accident he finds somebody he knows ; by another accident, he falls in with a fine gal, whose life, mayhap, he saves on the jump. Maybe she feels a degree of gratitude towards him ; and, in a woman, that always changes to love. So, if the old pape are willing, Kate is willing, Nat is willing, and he proves himself of the right sort, it's married they shall be directly. O, how dry talking makes a man ! Here's luck to the lovers, at any rate ! (*Drinks.*)

Enter KATE and NAT.

Kate. Ah, Pat, you got here a little before us.

Pat. Did you hurry yourself much by the way ? Never mind, I was taken wid the same complaint once myself.

Kate. A complaint ! — what complaint ?

Pat. A palpitation of the heart.

Kate. Nonsense !

Pat. Don't tell me ! I know how 't is ; it 's awful distressing. By the powers, I wore out three waiscoats, once, wid the bump of my heart agin my ribs !

Kate. Indeed ! and what relieved you ?

Pat. The priest, when he gave me Mary.

Kate. Where is she now ?

Pat. In the bed-chamber.

Kate. I wish to see her. I will soon return.

(*NAT kisses his hand to her as she exits.*)

Pat. Ah, I see how the wind blows ! Nat, why will ye be sucking your fingers in that way ? Spunk up to the lady, smack her on the chops, and say, Will ye have me, darlin ? Hullo ! what 's that ? Here 's the blackee wid Mike Brace ! — that 's him you wish to see.

Enter BOB and MIKE BRACE.

Mike. Is there one here I last night called son ?

Nat. You hailed me by that sacred title. You still have in your locker a pistol, which you seemed to recognize as one you had seen before.

Mike. Often, often, boy ! Let me look in thy face. Mary, your lineaments are painted there. My much-wronged wife, forgive me !

Nat. She is passed man's forgiveness. She is —

Mike. Dead ?

Nat. Gone aloft.

Mike. Then Heaven forgive me ! Bitterly, bitterly, have I repented my manifold crimes. Can you forgive your guilty father ?

Nat. If ye are penitent, I can.

Mike. I am so, as past and future actions shall prove.

Nat. Then there's my hand ! Past thoughts are buried in the grave of my mother, and may her pure spirit witness the union of the father and the son.

(*They embrace.*)

Mike. Here, my boy, take this weapon ; 't is right that you should wear it still. 'T was never aimed by me, except in a righteous cause, and in your hands it will aid no other.

(*Slow music. — Gives the pistol ; NAT kisses it.*)

(*Knock at door ; an old man, with black cloak and white hair, is admitted. — He advances to front. — The old man is COVELL, disguised as a fortune-teller, or Gypsy.*)

Covell. Good-day, good people. I beg of you a few minutes' rest, and a crust of bread. In requital, I will tell your fortunes.

Pat. O, musha ! — Mary — Miss Kate — come here and show your delicate flippers, and be told your fortunes !

Enter KATE and MARY.

Mary. What want ye, Pat, dear ?

Pat. Step up and be told all about yourself. Had n't I better retire, or will ye run the risk of my finding a parcel of stuff you would n't like me to know ?

Mary. Pat, you did n't mean that ?

Pat. Yes, I did.

Mary. How ?

Pat. As a joke, sure.

Kate. Well, then, old gentleman, I've crossed your hand, and now tell me. Now, tell me, shall I marry the man I love?

Cov. Yes—if he loves not another better than yourself.

Pat. Faith, that's a safe answer, any way.

Mary. And I want to know will our dear boy be a blessing to us in our old age?

Cov. The lines of your hand predict a happy old age.

Nat. Does she I love love me in return?

Cov. She does.

Nat. And will she marry me?

Cov. She will.

Nat. May I say now? (*Crosses to her.*)

Kate. O, you plague!—go ask my father. (*Go up together.*)

Cov. Is there no other here, who would know his fate?

Pat. Walk up old fellow (*to BRACE*), and find out your future destiny.

Brace (advances). Well, most sage man, what will be my fate?

Cov. (throwing off disguise). This! (*Drawing knife.*)

Brace. Ha! devil!

Cov. Mike Brace, die, by the wrecker's knife! (*Rushes up, with knife.*)

Nat. Die you!—by the pirate's legacy! (*Fires his pistol.*)

Cov. (falls.) Curse on the hand—whence came that shot. It went home. Speak! who are you?

Nat. Nat Brace, son of Mike Brace.

Cov. The Pirate! Ha! ha!

Nat. Now no longer one. Still, he never would have betrayed you, even had he asked pardon of the king. You die a death deserved by your treachery.

Cov. I feel my life ebbing fast. What ho! to the beach, lads! See you not by the fitful flashes of the lightning a noble ship struggling with the storm? A prize, a prize!—launch the boats—shove off!—Ha! the vessel strikes!—she's off the ledge again,—once more she's in deep water. See! she settles fast—she sinks!—down, down into the unfathomable gulf!—Give way, men, lest ye be drawn into the vortex! Pull for your lives!—'t is too late—no friendly spar is near,—we're lost—lost—lost! (*Dies.*)

Nat. He's gone,—made his last port, laden to the gunwale with crime. Father, we will to the magistrate's, avow this deed, and ask pardon of King George. Soon the pleasant gales will be wafting us towards our native land.

TABLEAU.

SITUATIONS.

COVELL, DEAD.

BRACE.

NAT.

KATE.

BOB.

PAT.

MARY.

R. H.

CURTAIN.

L. H.

VOL. XIII.
 27 The French and English
 28 The French and English
 29 The French and English
 30 The French and English
 31 The French and English
 32 The French and English
 33 The French and English
 34 The French and English
 35 The French and English
 36 The French and English

VOL. XIV.
 37 The French and English
 38 The French and English
 39 The French and English
 40 The French and English
 41 The French and English
 42 The French and English
 43 The French and English
 44 The French and English
 45 The French and English
 46 The French and English

VOL. XV.
 47 The French and English
 48 The French and English
 49 The French and English
 50 The French and English
 51 The French and English
 52 The French and English
 53 The French and English
 54 The French and English
 55 The French and English
 56 The French and English

VOL. XVI.
 57 The French and English
 58 The French and English
 59 The French and English
 60 The French and English
 61 The French and English
 62 The French and English
 63 The French and English
 64 The French and English
 65 The French and English
 66 The French and English

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